

The  
**West Saxon**



SUMMER TERM - 1927

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# The West Saxon.

The Magazine of  
University College, Southampton.

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VOL. XXVII.      SUMMER TERM—1927.      NO. 70.

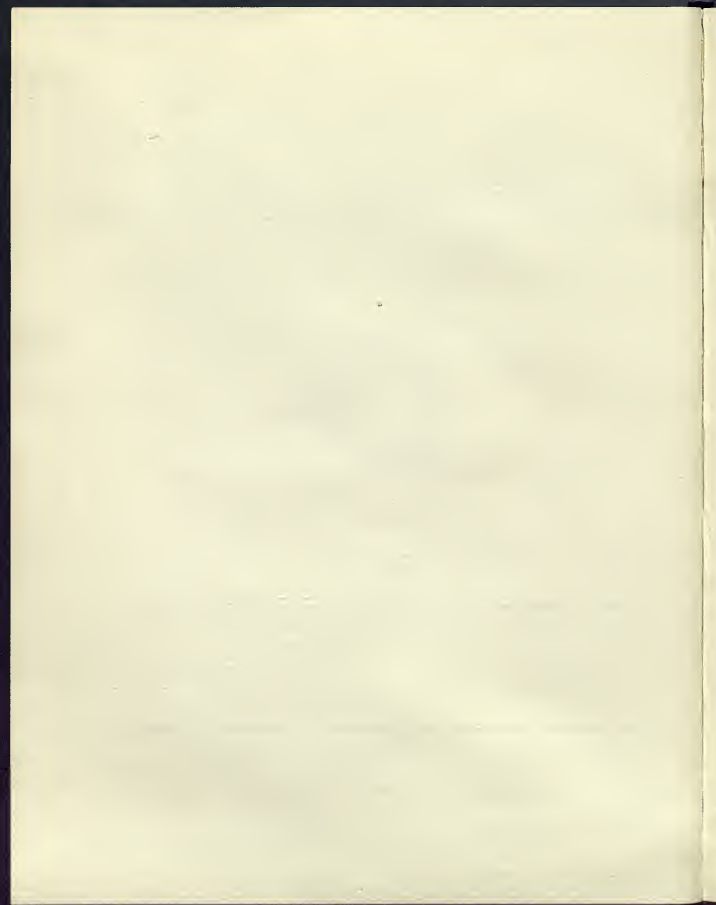
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All contributions for the next issue should be addressed to the Editor, and must be signed. Articles are printed, either under any selected pseudonym, or over the initials of the writer.

All communications respecting Advertisements or Subscriptions should be addressed to the Secretary of the Magazine, University College, Southampton.

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# The West Saxon.

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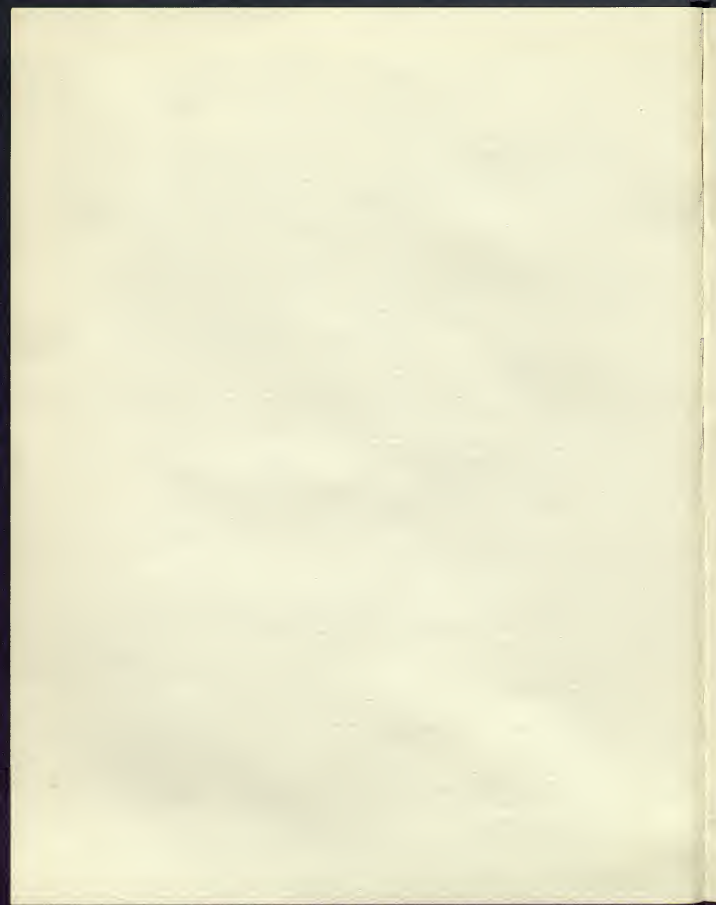
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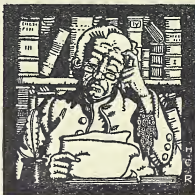
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# The West Saxon.

## EDITORIAL.



WHETHER it was the "Rag Bag" or not, we cannot say. Something seems to have drawn people out, nevertheless, and the term which we regarded with such apprehension from the Editorial point of view has passed without causing half the anxiety we anticipated. We are, indeed, most grateful for such response.

\* \* \*

The last issue of each session is very often made the excuse for an outburst on the part of the Editor, according as his nature is cynical or sentimental. Being (we hope) in neither of these, fortunately remediable, states of mind, we do not propose doing any such thing. We

think, however, that one event of this term calls for comment of a rather severe nature, and that is the fate which has overtaken the athletic activities of the College.

The phrase "fed up" is obnoxious to our taste. It is, however, one of the most widely used sayings of the day, and we understand it to mean a discontented re-action to life in general, caused by forces affecting us consciously or unconsciously. The influence of the latter variety is admittedly very great, and, in a matter like that of athletics, the combined conscious and unconscious influence is extremely wide and deep in any college; for athletics is the non-academic activity which affects the greatest body of students, and a college badly equipped with the necessary facilities will not for long retain the whole-hearted co-operation of its students.

Nothing less than disgraceful is the word to describe the condition of the playing grounds for summer sports, and we trust that the present condition of things will be remedied as soon as possible, before more harm can be done to the College *ab intra* as well as *ab extra*. Improvement will certainly have to be made before any advance is made towards our goal of the University of Wessex.

\* \* \* \* \*

With regard to the magazine during the past session, we cannot say we are satisfied. The Editors of the old Anglo-Saxon Chronicle were at fault very often, failing to use their sense (if they had any) of selection and proportion. The main thing we have to complain about is that we do not have enough material upon which to exercise our sense of selection and proportion (again, if we have any). It is not satisfactory to have just enough material to fill the magazine, and nothing would delight us more than the sight of next year's Editor having a nervous breakdown through overwork. At any rate, such an Editor would be a martyr

in a noble cause; but contributors would lessen the danger by submitting articles for adjudication well before the last second of the time limit.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have tried to make the parting long: we have even sent MSS. to the printer in driblets. Now we must vacate a very comfortable chair with great regret, and we sincerely trust our excellent successor will enjoy it as much as we have. Continued and increasing success is all that we can wish for the "West Saxon."

\*\*\*\*\*

### TRIOLET.

(*Expressing regret at having been unable to contribute to the "Rag Bag."*)

THEY asked us for tripe,  
And I could not supply it.  
Yes, name of a pipe! \*  
They asked us for *tripe*!  
Though the time was full ripe  
(And I may not deny it),  
When they asked us for tripe  
I *could not* supply it.

SIGMA.

\* From the French.

\*\*\*\*\*

### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

We acknowledge, with thanks, receipt of the following, and apologize for any omissions:—

"University Gazette" (Birmingham); "Sphinx" (Liverpool); "Ram" (Exeter); "Tamesis" (Reading); "Nonesuch" (Bristol).



## FOR ART'S SAKE.

I WENT to the second Annual Exhibition of the Southampton and District Artists' Club, held from May 11th to June 8th, at the Central Library, with mixed anticipations. Should I leave with the sense of exaltation that good work can give, or should I be depressed by a series of banalities? Were Mr. Blank and Miss Dash exhibiting as last year, or had they learnt how to paint in the interval? Should I be reduced to the enunciation of platitudes about "vision" and "feeling" and "sincerity," or should I be able to say, "This is the real thing!"

In fact, I left singularly little moved either to ecstasy or despair. There was much better work to be seen than last year; there was nothing that possessed that rare quality that makes a picture an experience. Most of the painting represented, I think, an honest attempt on the part of the artists to paint what they saw, and to paint it well. That marked a considerable advance on last year; but it is not enough.

The amateur (for so must one describe the members of such a society as the Club) usually has one great weakness—facility. He paints or writes or composes much too readily and easily. I imagine that the genesis of many of the paintings I exhibited this year must have been the thought "How lovely that is! I should like to paint it!" followed only too quickly by the act. The results are picturesque, they are not pictures. In one sense, the artist ought not to paint a subject because he likes it; he ought to paint because he has something to express that must out, whether he like it or not. Unless this imperative has breathed life into the artist's work, we have nothing but technique to admire or criticise; the work in itself is null, and can move us no more than a stock or a stone. Thus, Mrs. H. Polehill Chambers contributed a "Study of a Buckhound" (No. 44), quite excellently painted, and quite pointless, for she has said nothing whatever about her subject, and, I think, had nothing to say. To set against such a picture, say, the rock-paintings of bulls and deer that the cave-men made, is to illustrate the difference between expressive and inexpressive art—or rather, between art and painting. The Azilian artist certainly had something to say about bull or deer; he wanted to express his sense of the magnificence of physical vigour, of

" That which is not red deer or bull,  
But which by them is shown."

Some of the pictures shown did give indications that their painters had felt the essential imperative. Mrs. C. Sandell's three drawings in coloured chalk were interesting, "The Herons' Retreat" (No. 63) being particularly good. The ease with which an effect of vague masses and uncertain depths can be obtained in this medium, however, constitutes a danger, and "The Avon, Amesbury" (No. 66), shows that Mrs. Sandell is not entirely free from it. If the artist resists the temptation to dwell only in a world of glimmering trees and waters, and of mists and half-lights, her work will be worth following. Miss S. Barlow's cut-glass vases, "Adam" (No. 207) and "Fish" (No. 208), were also good.

Of the two hundred odd other exhibits, what is there to say? One can only repeat one's *Credo*; vision and technique—something to say that must be said, and the only possible way in which it can be said—are the law and the prophets for the artist. When that faith is more widely held in Southampton and District, we shall have fewer pictures painted simply to please, and not even

doing that. We shall have fewer New Forest and other scenes that say the same nothing over and over again ; we shall have no pictures of little girls in dark-green frocks on dark red sofas under windows hung with red curtains, staring at us with aggressive self-satisfaction across a waste of red carpet (F. Sutton's "Yvonne," No. 55). And (*Laus Dei*) we shall have no more articles signed

SIGMA.

\*\*\*\*\*

## JUNE IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS.

THE avenues are dappled with the sun ;  
 Bright shafts of light across the shadows run,  
 Where Paris takes its ease.  
 A fresh but gentle breeze  
 Just stirs the leaves, and on it softly blown  
 Comes floating down for ever floating down.

The poplars all are shedding their light dress  
 At the warm touch of Zephyr's soft caress ;  
 Marie de Medici  
 This miracle did see,  
 While on each vanish'd lady's silken gown  
 Came floating down for ever floating down.

So roll the years, and with the urge of Spring  
 The poplars to the winds these garments fling.  
 Across these groves so green,  
 Which ere long will be seen  
 O'erstrewn with Autumn's carpet golden-brown,  
 Comes floating down for ever floating down.

H. W. L.



## HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

ONE of the most pleasing features of the recent visit of Ephraim P. Bloggs was the deep interest and sympathy which he felt for those of our fellow students, who are viewing with uneasiness the prospect of imminent examinations. Since his return to the great open spaces, E. P. B. has not forgotten ; but has very kindly forwarded, just in time for publication, the following paper in *Psychology*, recently set at his old Alma Mater—Bunkersville University, Punk, in the hope that it may be of some help.

We regret that we are unable to estimate the value of this contribution, our own *Psychology* having long since evaporated, but we deeply appreciate the kindness which prompted the gift ; and we have pleasure in submitting it, without prejudice, to the consideration of any readers who may be interested.

## PSYCHOLOGY.

Three Hours.

You are expected to go five rounds.

1. " I cannot think that anyone, nowadays, regards seriously William James' Theory of the Emotions."
 

The mutt who pulled this stuff sure has another think coming. Put him wise.
2. The mind has been variously described by some of the world's most up-and-doing go-getters as :—(a) A lil' ole tabula razor. (b) Bees in the dome of consciousness. (c) Bats in the belfry. (d) Bubbles in the think-tank. Which of these wise-crackers would you hand it to ?
3. Prof. Dave Hume, of England, Europe, reckoned that he had put over a sure-enough line of dope when he put associationism on the market. Had he, boys ? Had he hell ? Call his bluff.
4. Say, brother ! If you wasn't yourself, but some other boob, which would you like to be, supposing the other galoot was you ? What difference would it make if you wasn't and didn't, and he did ? What light does this throw, if any, on the Ego ? Go on, shoot !
5. " Yes, sir, that's ma Baby." Would you incline to explain this spiel in terms of Bill McDougall's Tender Emotion—or do you award it to Doc. Freud, of Vienna, on points ?
6. A highbrow fourflusher, from Boston, tried to tell a Tennessee audience that the only difference between a buck nigger and a hundred per cent. Nordic was merely a matter of endocrine glands.—Justify this statement, and say a few words of comfort to the widow.
7. Robert Emmett Malone, of Seventh Ward, is arraigned before a court on a charge of having sold his vote to a Republican agent for ten dollars. His lawyer pleaded that the behaviour was merely reflex action due to non-voluntary spontaneous attention. To which the judge replied, " Nix on that College stuff—one month ! " Give your reasons for thinking the judge a democrat.
8. What is an Image ? And if so, explain the following :—
 

" The apple of discord is now gnawing at the vitals of their effete civilisation, and, if not nipped in the bud, it will presently burst forth in a conflagration which will deluge Europe in an earthquake of blood. But, above it all, that glorious bird of Freedom will dive through the pure crystal ocean of Democracy, and plant the star-spangled banner on the topmost pinnacle of the new Jerusalem." Attaboy ! Go to it ! !

## A THEORY OF LOVE.

IT was probably Tolstoi who said that people only fall in love when they have nothing else to do. Now a statement of this kind reveals not only an appalling ignorance of the life of a modern university, but also, and even more inexcusable, a complete failure to realise the nature and significance of the problem under discussion, a problem whose theoretical aspects must necessarily be understood by a student of the social sciences, and whose practical side can be observed almost anywhere and at almost any time. The problem is important because, on the positive side, love is at the basis of the oldest and most permanent of social institutions, the family; on the negative side, its significance is almost as great, since a large proportion of humanity appears to spend a considerable part of the best years of its life hovering round the question, and the expenditure of time and emotion thus involved, if directed, at least to some extent, into channels of creative energy, would undoubtedly do much to accelerate the progress of humanity towards civilisation.

Existing theories are of three kinds, all of them equally unsatisfactory. The old-fashioned lavender-and-moonlight-fainting-into-his-strong-silent-arms ideal of romance, and the more modern belief that sex attraction is the basis of everything in the universe, have their root in the same idea, though the fact is hidden by the strong contrast between the sentimental and cynical approach to the subject. Neither theory accounts for any form of love except the between members of different sexes, and both are eminently unscientific, since they fail to explain the fundamental problem of why A falls in love with B and not with C or D, and a theory which cannot explain that cannot be said to explain anything. The nothing-else-to-do theory is better, but inadequate. By forming a synthesis of these three theories within a fourth a satisfactory explanation emerges, which, however disquieting it may be to the sentimentalist, does appear to approximate to the truth, and applies equally to all kinds of love.

The average, not particularly disillusioned, individual has a natural tendency to like, rather than to dislike, his fellow creatures: while it is extraordinary for anyone to like actively more than ninety per cent. of his acquaintances, it is unusual to find anyone who actively dislikes as many as ten per cent. Starting out with this bias of rather indifferent amiability towards people in general, one may, through some accident, be so placed, as for instance in a lecture, as to have nothing particular to think about, and so tend to concentrate one's ideas on some person present at the time. The intellectual and emotional effect of this is to increase one's natural bias. A rather nondescript individual in a sunny classroom may suddenly reveal some feature of extraordinary attraction; his not very definite looking eyes may appear suddenly intensely deep and blue, like unfathomable wells of thought (this often happens in bright sunshine); or one may see that his not particularly Austin Reedish suit is redeemed by a miraculous tie, symbolic of a divine spark, an incomparable sense of colour (this happens less often). This, so far, is merely an elementary illustration of the Tolstoyan theory; but suppose that this accidental concentration happens to be reciprocated at the same time? And suppose it happens repeatedly? Then the cynic will have found further proof of the universality of sex attraction, and the sentimentalist more evidence of the validity of love before the two people concerned have decided whether they can endure each other.

The point to be emphasised, and on which this theory hangs, is that any accidental concentration on a person whom one is inclined to like may result in

love, but does not necessarily do so, and the speed with which any result is achieved depends on the peculiar mental chemistry of the people concerned, as well as on the sheer physical attraction of one for the other. The development is, however, unconscious, just as the preliminary concentration of thought is often, though not always, involuntary; and after the first idle concentration on the victim further concentration is deliberate, the conscious going out to meet some familiar, and still half unsuspected, shock of pleasure at the swift ice-bright contact of mind with mind.

The value of this theory in its practical application is almost incalculable. Knowledge of its truth may not enable people who have once fallen to recover their balance, because, like Shaw's Shakespeare, they may see all the defects of the dark lady of their sonnets, and still continue against their will to love what they no longer believe to be perfect. But people who have not allowed their emotions to disturb their mental equilibrium can prevent such a catastrophe from befalling them by the simple process of avoiding concentrating on any one person for a considerable time. This means that no one need fall in love until he wants to, and, of course, by the time he is ready to do so he may have lost what capacity he ever possessed for emotions of this order. If his housekeeper at that distant date is inefficient, or his lodgings uncomfortable, he may sigh sentimentally to his juniors, who stand hesitating on the verge of the awful precipice of concentration, peering down to a small malevolent cupid at the bottom.

"How wise you were to open not, and yet  
How poor if you should keep him from the door."

Or, more realistic and less inclined to mixed metaphor, he may sink deeper and deeper into his armchair, and, as he hears the landlady bringing up her husband in the next room, murmur to himself with deep, contented purrs:

"It is written in book upon book  
What lovers have said:  
It is written what lovers have done.  
Thank God I never was one!"

O. SIMON.



## TRINITY.

BEHIND these walls of Time and Space where we,  
 Poor flimsy creatures of an hour, must grope,  
 There is One who Is, beyond all fear or hope;  
 And who shall be when all has ceased to be.  
 There is a soul of love and loveliness  
 That is the Life of bird, and beast, and tree,  
 That makes the rose bloom in the wilderness,  
 And in man's spirit immortality.

There is a man who is also God, the form  
 That each bears in his heart, but none has seen:  
 Life in its struggle through the blinding storm  
 Of all the ages in the dark has been  
 Lured by its hunger for that one far sign—  
 That this poor animal flesh can be divine.

V. DE S. P.

\*\*\*\*\*

## HEINE IN PARIS.

*From the German.*

I HAD a lovely country long ago,  
 The violet's gleam  
 Was softer in that land, the oaks were taller;  
 It was a dream.

It spoke to me in German, kissed me in German,  
 How sweet they seem,  
 Those words, you scarce can guess, "My dear, I love you":  
 It was a dream.

V. DE S. P.



## MISFORTUNES.

(With apologies to L. Pearsall Smith—and others.)

## I.

" 'LL come to you in a minute," the lecturer said in the tones of a Bantu chief leading a lamb to the slaughter, "Go to the back of the room."

I went. Through the window pale sunlight flickered on to the ceiling, and strayed hesitatingly among shadowy rose leaves, green and pale, beside the window frame. How hot and quiet it was. The bookcases craned forward a little like the overhanging boughs of the Tree of Knowledge, and the lecturer darted round the room between lucidly hissed explanations. His acrobatic skill would have made one suspect him of having spent the early part of his career in Sanger's circus, had not his sartorial splendour forced one to recognise a newly-escaped mannequin from Austin Reed's. . . .

Suddenly he was upon me. Dramatic beyond Valentino, beauteous beyond Owen Nares, he gazed at my returned terminal, and demanded, "When did you stop work?"

"But I didn't," I explained, pained beyond expression.

He gazed icily into the distance, and an awful silence thrilled the room to a hushed horror. "Then I suppose you never began?" he said in tones unspeakable.

\* \* \* \*

For a moment I lost consciousness; that such banality could be uttered in this seat of wisdom seemed incredible. It was incredible; it could not even in a nightmare have occurred in U.C.S. Then I woke up and looked round. Back at school again in the idyllic days of Form II. Of course, that explained it.

## II.

She was unquestionably the loveliest person I have ever seen; and she was sewing.

The lawn sloped upward towards a low hawthorn hedge, and beyond the hedge little avenues of orchard trees meandered on towards eternity, slowly as if they, too, realised that out of sight of this garden one might forget the meaning of things.

We sat in silence for some minutes, so that even the sunshine grew placid, and the movement of the clouds across the sky was more quiet than any stillness; the heather-coloured stuff that she was stitching seemed scarcely to move in her brown fingers. Her hair, fastened in a low knot at the back of her neck, was a dark shadow traced with threads of gold, and beneath it her profile had the beauty of all time.

She half turned and smiled; and with that smile I knew that I had lived for this moment. Miraculously the tidy, good taste of the house behind us shrank into nothing, and swelled again to John Drinkwater's castle in the sky, the very summit of romance.

With the inanity of the inevitable I quoted:—

"Who journeys to that castled crest  
Finds, with his journey done,  
All ages and all colours in  
Cascades of light that run  
Over the broad weirs of the air  
For ever from the sun."

Half-way through she jumped up with a murmured "Excuse me," and disappeared. I was just recovering the next verse, when she returned, radiant in an aura of serene contentment. "Thanks so much for reminding me," she said. "Ermytrude's washing a couple of my frocks, and, if you hadn't thought to remind me, I should have forgotten to tell her that the colours would run if she wasn't careful. What were you saying?"

### III.

This was the kind of person on whom one had to make an impression. Though his proud patrician features might be rendered indecipherable among the ravages of that schoolboy complexion, and though the low musical drawl of the Wessex wail (compared with which an Oxford accent is no more than a voice in the Sahara) might be unheard beneath the ancestral grunt of a thousand Hampshire hogs, still . . . one had to make an impression.

"Imagination," said I, "is the root of all evil." I had meant to say the lack of it, but the result was much the same. He sat there watching the dancers, wishing (no doubt) that the village shop would rise to a dinner jacket, and trying to think of something to say. A girl, in a flame-coloured garment, glowed momentarily before us, and disappeared with her partner.

"The ego of the cosmos is chaos," I remarked, seeking to give him an excuse for his silence.

"Yes," he said. Suddenly his eyes became unglued from his boots, and he looked up. "I suppose one might have too much imagination," he suggested.

"Ah!" I agreed with surprising subtlety. "Perhaps."

He guesses, I said to myself, that if he could imagine what I thought of him, imagination would be too great a burden. I turned, and he was looking at me. His eyes . . . yellowish, brownish, greenish . . . a synthesis of all the awfulness of truth.

"Yes," I said, "exactly"—and fled. In another three seconds my imagination would have grasped his opinion of me.

ODAM.





## AT YE SYGNE OF YE EDITOR'S DEN.

I T had been arranged that Uncle Stephen should inscribe my useless column to the women of Colleges on "Love's Young Dream, what it is, what it was, what it will be. Its Ideals, and how to escape them," for, as you know, the Prince has visited this and other University Colleges in the neighbourhood. His visits usually clash with ours to an eminent Professor, T. P. Nunn, which undoubtedly could be, and are, postponed.

Uncle Stephen, as I have said before, was to be the official scribe. Nevertheless—

\* \* \* \*

*Worried, over-swotted, and copy-hunting Editor* : " You mean it ? "

*Uncle Stephen* : " Flap you ! I do. "

*Worried, over-swotted, and copy-hunting Editor* : " You'll regret this. "

*Uncle Stephen* : " Your's of the sixth to hand, and duly noted. "

\* \* \* \*

Hence yours truly 'neath the ancient sign, pressed by the Editor to fill a gap. Therefore (to resume—he is gone. I have a feeling that—like many students after a N.S. exam. and the Professor of Education—we shall meet in the near future).

Like the Mayor of—er—Wigan, addressing the Band of Hope on " Temperance, " I know nothing about my subject, but having read that well-known classic by Anita Loos, and seen some " Little Romances " in which the hair has played a great part, I will endeavour to carry on (tho', like Bunyan, I may be pilloried and scorned for my pains).

Now taking, as dispassionately as possible, a passionate subject, I endeavour to stage illustrative drama.

\* \* \* \*

*Scene.*—Multi-seated chariot.

*Caste.*—Acer, charioteer and willow waver.

Caput Rufus, charioteer and gut wielder.

(*Acer places arms round Rufus' neck—thinking it her waist.*)

*Acer* : " Uoy wonk I kniht I evol uoy. "

*Rufus* : " Od uoy, raed ! neht ssik em kciuq, elihw eht srehto tnra gnikool. "

Fin.

Thus the dream, what it is, was, and evermore will be. Now for its ideals, and how to escape them. Hang ! Here's the Editor.

*W.O.S. and C.H.E.* : " Have you done it ? "

*Self* : " Nearly. "

*W.O.S. and C.H.E.* : " Thank heavens ! "

(*Author's theory, not my words.—Editor's note.*)

Well, if you want information on the ideals, etc., ask an eminent College lecturer or her normal class.

## MORE IMPENDING APOLOGIES.

"If we offend, it is with our good will."—*Shakespeare*.

---

W. C. R.

"What a caterwauling you do keep."—*Shakespeare*.

---

MR. STR-NG-R.

"Thy mother's treasure wert thou."—*Bridges*.

---

MR. C. A. SM-TH.

"I love not many words."—*Shakespeare*.

---

MR. B-NN-ST-R'S BRILLIANTINE.

"His essences turned the live air sick."—*Tennyson*.

---

MR. ST-R-Y (*et alios*).

"I doubt if he bathed before he dressed."—*Browning*.

---

MR. C-L-N-TT.

"Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man."—*Shakespeare*.

---

MESSRS. J-STY, D-N-H, AND C-LL-H-L.

"How long, O Lord, how long!"—*Bernard Shaw*.

---

U.C.S. STAFF.

"Yet don't look too good or talk too wise."—*Kipling*.

---

MR. S. H-RR-S.

"Come into the garden, Maud."—*Tennyson*.

---

BOTANY EXPEDITION.

"The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,  
And the deuce knows what we may do."—*Kipling*.

---

LECTURER TO MISS D-YLE.

"Rarely, rarely comest thou!"—*Shelley*.

---

II A.M.

"Poor, dry, empty thing!"—*E. B. Browning*.

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MR. P-R.

"And though that he were worthy, he was wys,  
And of his port as meke as is a mayde."—*Chaucer*.

## THE NORMALS.

"There may be Heaven, there may be Hell,  
 Meanwhile there's our life here—well!"—*Browning*.

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## U.C.S. BUILDING.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul."—*O. W. Holmes*.

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## PROF. C-CK.

"Thou art an endless moralist."—*Blake*.

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## I. J. B.

"I hear a sudden cry of pain.  
 There is a 'bunney' in a snare."—*James Stephens*.

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## THE RUGGER FIELD.

"Fancies that broke through language and escaped."—*Browning*.

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## UNIVERSITY SUNDAY.

"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by."—*Wordsworth*.

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## MR. KN-TT (To his text books).

"Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing."—*Shakespeare*.

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## MESSRS. F-RR-LL, D-N-L, OR G--DR-DGE.

"C.C.C. expressed something he felt a very urgent craving to express.  
 It sealed him, somehow, as a man. He would always be in  
 danger of losing his consciousness of existence, if he should  
 forget C.C.C."—*Stella Benson*.

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## MISS H-RT.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
 Like little mice stole in and out  
 As if they feared the light."—*Sir J. Suchling*.

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## MR. B-NT-N.

"All's well that ends well."—*Shakespeare*.

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## THOSE GOING DOWN.

"Oh, Sairey! Sairey!! little do we know what lies before us."  
 —*Dickens*.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT BACON.

"*Nothing is more delightful than the light of Truth.*"—The late Mr. Marcus Tullius Cicero, B.C. 106—B.C. 43.

*The Editor, "The West Saxon."*

Sir,—It is with the great condescension of the true artist that I take up my pen, in order to lay before you the results of many hours' research, which, although it concerns a subject of much controversy, has been pursued by myself on novel lines. Mind you, I advance this as a theory only, for it is certain that nothing in this world is certain, and my theory may be disproved by further research.

Up to the present time, it has been almost universally accepted that the author of Bacon's thirty-nine plays, his poems and prose writings, was Bacon himself. This is not strictly the case, as I will endeavour to show; but, first of all, a brief synopsis of his literary life would be very apposite. He was an author of great output, and during his life of roughly 65 years he produced some very fine work. In 1597 he produced a volume of essays. Subsequently, he produced the "Two Books of the Advancement of Learning," and this marks the beginning of a new period in his life, for he innovated an innovation by becoming the principal of a literary correspondence school for aspirants in play-writing. While still proprietor of the school, he published his "Novum Organum" ("New Organ,"—not to be confused with the "New Leader"), and much footling stuff, which, I feel firmly convinced, though I have not read it, sheds no light on this particular question.

From its name, "The Advancement of Learning" is obviously an advertisement for the correspondence school; the "Novum Organum," too, shows that the school actually existed. While Bacon was engaged in his enterprise, he naturally produced on the stage the plays sent to him by various enthusiastic chappies; hence the Press notices of "Hamlet" and the others. Now it is obvious that he could not publish or produce these plays under his own name; he therefore used the name Shakespeare, which was the name of a butcher, who, naturally, sold tripe.

If a careful examination be made of all these plays, it will be seen that there are differences between them, although there are also resemblances which may be easily traced. Now the range of vocabulary, the use of slang and technicalities, show that more than one person was responsible for the plays; also, the similarities in metre, form, etc., show that they were written under the supervision of one person. This person was evidently Bacon himself, for he guaranteed personal tuition. Doubtless, Bacon accepted the copyright of these plays in lieu of fees from the authors. This explains why none of them, so far as is known, ever claimed them as his own property.

It was while formulating the above theory that I decided a question which has been puzzling great minds for years past. Have you ever, Mr. Editor, read Bacon's (?) play, entitled "The Tempest"? If you have done so, you will know that it is reckoned to be a character sketch of its author. Some have maintained that he is described as Prospero, which person, however, represents, in my estimation, the Wicked Uncle of the piece. The real author is shown as the poor wretch Caliban, who suffers under the tyranny of the rich old man. Evidently the author was a deformed young man who could not pay the fees, and was, therefore, made to slave by the principal, Mr. Bacon. A great question now arises:

who was the author of "The Tempest"—the original of Caliban? Now, sir, I have strong reasons for believing that he was the Most Noble Kelly, or, as he should be called, Cally, which word is a well-known contraction of Caliban.

In support of this theory, there are two well-known facts. First, Kelly is, or was, much of a physical oddity, as was Caliban in the play, for, as is universally known, Kelly has one man's arm and one woman's arm. What could be odder than that? Secondly, they are both dead.

That, sir, is my remarkable contribution to the knowledge of the World, and, if I shall have made the real character of Bacon appear a little less hazy, I feel that I shall have been amply repaid.

Yours faithfully,

JAMIS ESPRIT.



## TWO RUTHLESS RHYMES.

IAGO was son of a London grocer ;  
 For the sake of rhyme, his surname Doser.  
 Went to the States, hid in a ship's cargo,  
 Tramped from New York till he came to Chicago ;  
 Got a job in a canned-meat plant,  
 Till a machine caught the seat of his pant,  
 Hurled him into a great big vat,  
 Seething and bubbling, full of fat. . .  
 Now his father is selling Iago  
 Along with the lard that he gets from Chicago.

A FARMER had murdered his aunt Eliza  
 Early one morning (an early riser) ;  
 Couldn't think what to do with the body,  
 Burial seemed a little bit shoddy ;  
 Couldn't be bothered to build a nice pyre,  
 Lay her on top and set it on fire.  
 Yet it was certain he couldn't despise her—  
 " For, after all, she's my aunt Eliza ! "  
 So he cut her in pieces, and strewed her around  
 All over his fields, all over the ground.  
 " At last she'll be useful, my old aunt Eliza, "  
 He said, " for she'll make a good fertilizer ! "

H. W. L.

## DISILLUSION.

MISS Muffet looked up from her book, and her eyes, brighter than the polish on her miraculously high-heeled shoes, travelled the whole length of the library, rivetted themselves to the bookcase, and, after a few seconds, returned to page 179 of "No Illusions." (No, dear reader, not psychology, nor even physics. A novel.) So people were getting up and walking out. She glanced at her tiny wrist watch, which, unlike that of every other heroine since 1485 A.D., was not jewelled: that had been rather mean of Uncle Ebenezer. So it was half-past ten, and she had been there . . . working . . . for five and twenty minutes; no wonder she was getting hungry. She turned over a couple of passionate pages, and, despairing of finding any further purple patches, closed the book. Now she rose, and every eye became glued to every table, bowing in homage to her rare and exquisite beauty. She walked to the door, opened it, exited, shut the door. And every heart in that vast, empty room sank into an unfathomable abyss of despair. The light had gone out.

She walked down the stairs, how many stairs she never really knew, though she had trodden them hundreds of times, those gaunt, terrible, innumerable stairs between downstairs and up. (Do you know how many stairs there are, dear reader?) Now she walked with slow, exquisite agony (new shoes) down the stairs, along the vast bare corridor, teeming with shrieking, arresting, terrifying notice boards. She hurried past them like a guilty soul passed a cemetery on a dark night. . . .

Then into the cloakroom. Slip off your gown; your frock wants pulling down on the left. Thanks so much. Powder your nose . . . peach blossom complexion. (Do peaches use Coty or Houbigant?) Comb your hair. O dear, she's forgotten her comb. Oh, yes, Jill's got one. Thanks so much.

Out into that bleak, green corridor again, and still it was only twenty minutes to eleven. She hurried into the covered passage, like a cobweb during spring cleaning. Down the covered passage, as windy as a poem by Masefield, and as wet as . . . water. Past strange and alien huts, physics, music, physical chemistry, maths., geography, each vastier and more magnificent than its predecessor. Never did Athenian view the Parthenon and Erechtheum with more prideful satisfaction. . . . Then felt she like some watcher of the skies, listening-in to a new oratorio. . . . The sweet, familiar lyrical bang of the refectory door.

Within, the rich entrancing savour of cream buns and coffee mingled with the exquisite aroma of coloured lampshades, and the cakes left from last year's going down soirée. Miss Muffet found herself at the counter, an unspilt milky way, fragrant with the fragile loveliness of crested cups and saucers, tipped with red more shining than that of any sleepy daisy.

Now they were serving her. Funny that they should need to ask. . . . Of course, she knew she was only a Fresher, but they might have guessed from her names. . . .

"Two pennyworth of curds and a pennyworth of whey. No sugar." The small silver disc changed hands. Miss Muffet boasted no Scottish ancestors, but she would have liked to ask the economics department why she had to pay that silver threepenny bit for curds and whey that were her's as a natural right. In her last incarnation. . . .

There were still several seats round the stove: she sat there, with her back to the door, eating (or drinking? Which is it, dear reader? I haven't done botany lately) what Muffets had eaten (or drunk) before William became the Conqueror or Alfred the Great. And she ate and talked, talked and ate; she listened to the friendly bang of the refectory door, and the high hope in her heart sang like the cricket on the hearth. Joan on one side of her, an empty chair on the other, with Betty, Betty Batterson-Butter next to it. But the empty chair. . . .

He must have come in while she was talking, and she had not noticed. Now she saw him standing at the counter, and was strangely, ineffably glad at the short, black stubble of his hair, at the round curve of his head, at his tall, careless splendour. (Thank heavens he had no plus fours). He turned a little, and her heart thrilled at the Mephistophelian curve of his eye-brow, at the glint of laughter in his bold, black (not quite, but still . . .), dear, dark eyes, at the original, almost bizarre line of his patrician nose tip, tilted like the p—. (No, dear reader, I regret to say I have forgotten his nose, and, like George Washington, my hero is founded on fact. Not, however, West Saxon fact.) She thrilled once more at the lovely curve of his lips, now, as even in terminals and torture, arranged in a generous smile of mischief, amusement, happiness . . . beauty beyond compare. He turned, and now she saw the full splendour of that manly form as he balanced seven cream buns and three cups of coffee in his gallant, intellectual hands, which were now sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought, which contrasted strangely with the lovely laughter of his eyes and mouth.

Heavens! He was coming towards her! That empty chair . . . fate. She thrilled now like six ginger-beer bottles with the stoppers all removed together. He was coming . . . coming. Coming. COMING. Oh, happiness! Oh, joy! So this is life. She gave the empty chair a small kick with her foot, and he came nearer . . . nearer. He had come.

He sat down on the empty chair, and balanced the coffee on one knee and the buns on the other. How glad she was at the grey splendour of his flannel bags.

"Beastly weather, isn't it?" she said.

"I beg your pardon?" The trochaic rhythm of his voice stiffened into iambic pentameter (unrhymed). Suddenly the laughing curve of his mouth hardened into an unseemly frill, and he should have had the decency to hide it beneath a walrus moustache. His bold and laughing eyes were cruel mockeries leering beneath Mephistophelian eyebrows that were now the two halves of any iron ring broken in two. Horrible. And the lovely bristles of his black hair were the dead faggots of a witch's broomstick . . . he was talking to Betty Batterson-Butter. She was petrified . . . still he talked . . . and talked . . . and talked (would he never stop?).

\* \* \* \*

He laughed . . . and frightened Miss Muffet away.

ANTHONY CRUNDLE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

The Library,  
University College,  
Southampton.

*To the Editor of the "West Saxon."*

Sir,—I wish to make a public apology to Miss Antonia Duster for an article of mine, which appeared in the December number of your excellent periodical, and which seems to have caused her considerable perturbation. When I wrote that article I did not know what Love was: I have since made the acquaintance of Miss Duster, and I can truthfully say that life will never be the same again.

Believe me (or not),

I am,

Yours faithfully,

ANTHONY CRUNDLE.

[We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Crundle, but hasten to deny any responsibility (or credit) for the union: pseudonyms are still as sacred as ever. We must emphatically refuse Mr. Crundle's request that these pages be used to spread the pernicious habit of corridor loitering.—Ed.]



## FROM A LIBRARY TABLE.

THE head of one Sm-th (named C. A.),  
Grew a stubble resembling hay;  
Though the contents, indeed,  
Can't have quite run to seed,  
Since he's hoping to get a B.A.

Now the hair of the lean and tall C-II-  
Is really distinctly more jolly:  
Amami it well,  
And with half a marcelle,  
He'd be less like a Wog than a Golly.





## HALL NOTES.

### SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

"INTUS FERVET CARITAS."

"THE Old Order changeth, yielding place to New." This is true even of Housing Schemes and House Committees. The year's work is done. The reins will be in the hands of a younger generation. May they be held well! Next year Stoneham enters on a new phase of its career; one, let us hope, that is to be as successful as its forebears.

The last of our social engagements has been held. The Seniors had the pleasure of being the guests of Russell House for one evening, and members of Russell and Montefiore Houses came to Stoneham later in the term. Some of us had the privilege of attending a garden party at South Hill, which nearly resulted—and no small wonder—in a craze for Dalcroze eurythmics. Not the least of our engagements was one at which we entertained the domestic staff.

A notable feature of this session has been the after-dinner talks to which we have had the pleasure of listening. Among our visitors this year have been G. R. S. Mead, Esq., the well-known editor of "The Quest," Lord Daryngton, and Aubrey Laurence, Esq., the Chancellor of the Diocese of Winchester. This term the Rev. E. G. Selwyn gave a talk on Plato. This was thoroughly enjoyed by everybody, including the one person who woke up in time to join in the applause! To these gentlemen, and our Warden who introduced them to us, we owe a considerable debt of gratitude, and we extend our heartiest thanks to them for their kindness.

Fewer people than usual spent Reunion with us this year. We are afraid that affairs of the heart and pocket have more than a voice in the matter. An old resident of the House, George Harris, who is now in Canada, celebrates Reunion by sending a cheque to the Appeal Fund. The present students at Stoneham wish him the best of luck.

We were pleased to read that Archdeacon Lovett, who has been of considerable service to the House, has been appointed to the new Bishopric of Portsmouth.

In referring to our visitors' list during the year two gentlemen were omitted, Professors Clarke and Watkin. Professor Clarke, who was a former Professor of Education at the College, met Professor Watkin in South Africa. In a witty speech at dinner, Professor Clarke commented on the progress that had been made since he was at the College. We trust that at this period, probably a most critical one, in the history of the College, that the authorities and students will work together to preserve progression from becoming retrogression.

Students leaving Stoneham for the last time will find that not the least of their happy memories will be one, a treasured one, of the goodliest fellowship that they enjoyed there. Thus will the motto of the House be carried into the world:—

"INTUS FERVET CARITAS."

H. G. B.

## SOUTH HILL.

THE summer term has run its course so swiftly and smoothly that now, as we write, with "shades of the prison house closing in upon us" in the near future, it seems "like an unsubstantial pageant faded." We have few events of outstanding importance to record, life has just been "One Dam Thing After Another."

On May 13th the Freshers entertained the Seniors—one of the jolliest socials on record. On May 28th a Garden Party was held in the grounds, favoured, for once, by ideal climatic conditions, on which occasion a number of "nudæ vestigia nymphæ" did whirl in mazy dance on the lawn. Among other minor trials and afflictions mention must be made of a Fire Drill, perpetrated, happily, on a warm night.

Signs of the times are plentiful. From rude and repellent notices posted daily after supper on study-bedroom doors, the would-be sociable soul gathers that their inmates are finding that

"Life is real, life is earnest,  
Certif. and final is their goal."

At any rate, we wish them good luck, and the best of luck, too, to those who will soon leave us for good.

M. C. R.

## MONTEFIORE HALL.

THE disadvantages of living with one's family rather than amid the cloistered seclusion of a hostel have so often been pointed out to us that several cruder souls were almost heard to crow when we took ourselves, and each other, for a picnic in mid-vac. Such a venture was necessarily fraught with perils not unlike those attached to a picnic in mid-ocean, but that the attempt was justified everybody agreed, particularly the people who hope to remember what time the bus starts next time. . . .

On May 20th we were the guests of South Stoneham House, where the feast of reason (and other things) provided for our entertainment was universally appreciated; and a week later Russell House and some members of the Staff were entertained by us at College.

Although we necessarily suffer somewhat from the lack of a corporate roof under which to assemble our corporate life, we view ourselves at two years old with sufficient satisfaction to believe that we have justified our existence.

M. G. P.

## RUSSELL HOUSE.

BY the time this magazine is published, Russell will have finished the first complete session of its existence. July, 1927, sees it just as full of the true spirit as it was at Christmas, 1925, when the House was inaugurated.

Numbers of our members are going down this term. To them we extend our best wishes for the future. To those who will still be members of the House it is due to maintain the spirit of loyalty to Russell House, which has changed the "townmen" into an organised body, and to them also we wish the best of luck—especially the Secretary.

N. S. F. G.



### CHORAL & ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

OWING to the advent of examinations, our activities are necessarily restricted during the summer term. We feel, however, that we have completed an excellent year's work, and our excuse for not doing anything brilliant now is that we did our year's work during the first two terms, by producing "The Mikado." It was such a tremendous success that we intended to give a second performance this term, but, owing to examinations and other interferences (accent on the Inter!), we were very reluctantly compelled to abandon the idea.

It would be superfluous to attempt an account of the actual performance, as we are certain that everyone saw it, and, having seen it, returned to their own homes, skipping like the little hills of Sacred Writ. Although most members of the Society were not in the most advantageous position to enjoy to the full the final production, they certainly had their share of humour during rehearsals. For instance, it is rumoured that the management was very keen on rehearsing, with meticulous care, certain scenes and songs in Act I, to the great discomfiture of certain principals (and others) who shall be nameless.

We are convinced that "The Mikado" is the best thing yet produced in College—the Hall has never been so full as it was on March 10th—but we are preparing another "stupendous production" for next year.

D. A. B.

### STAGE SOCIETY.

THE Stage Society, after two very successful terms, has returned to its native haunts to hibernate during the summer. It has been decided to erect a permanent memorial to its resuscitation in the form of Make-up Box (h. and c., O.H.V., k.s. and cl.); this memorial will be unveiled during the last week of term.

Meanwhile, the impending "Final" doom casts its gloom upon our souls, tears rise to our eyes, sobs thicken in our throats, even our pens refuse to write. . . . May those who come after prove faithful to the Cause. So be it!

L. G. S.

## THE GRAMOPHONE CONCERTS.

THE complexity and diversity of lunch hour recreations are wonderful. They may be divided into physical and mental relaxations and spiritual rejuvenation. The majority prefer the first two. The minority find that the last is the best aid to digestion. And they are right. The gramophone concerts this year have been thoroughly enjoyable. The programme list for the year is an awe-inspiring commentary on musical taste. The list includes works by the "mad musician," the gentle Brahms, the lyrical Schumann, of which Professor G. Leake gave us a delightful half-hour on the piano. The one centenary of the year worth talking about was duly celebrated. For fear lest our critical gifts should become atrophied by constant listening to the gramophone, Miss Bowles, a lady from London, sang to us during one lunch hour. Her singing was much appreciated, and put the gramophone into its proper, that is, second place, which again takes precedence of the common place.

The warmest thanks of the students are tendered to those members of the staff who have kindly lent their gramophone records and assistance at these concerts. The concerts have been much appreciated, and even for an audience of one would be worth while.

It must not be forgotten that this form of spiritual rejuvenation demands a certain amount of organisation. For this we have to thank Miss Trout. During the year Miss Trout has gone to much trouble and spared no pains to make the concerts successful. We thank Miss Trout. She has performed a good work.

H. G. B.

## S. C. M.

ON April 30th and May 1st a Study Week-end was held at College, in co-operation with some students and staff of Portsmouth Municipal College and Salisbury Theological College, and under the leadership of Miss Margaret Wrong, one of the Missionary Secretaries of the S.C.M., and Mr. J. Gregg, our own Travelling Secretary.

Following a suggestion made during the week-end, an attempt was made to hold a Sunday afternoon picnic on May 22nd, and a picnic was actually held on the following Sunday, when a paper was read on "Knowledge of God and its sources"; it was followed by a discussion whose intellectual value was probably diminished by a general craving for food. That satisfied, a craving for church began to make itself felt, and we went home.

M. G. P.

## PLAY READING CLUB.

THE final meeting of last term, when "Tilly of Bloomsbury" was read, was a great success, it being one of the largest meetings of the season.

This term Mrs. Ashdown very kindly invited the Club to South Hill, on the occasion of the reading of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and those present enjoyed themselves to the full. The Committee for the season 1927-8 was also elected at this meeting. To them, on behalf of the members of the Club who are going down, I wish to extend every good wish and the best of luck for a very successful season.

N. S. F. G.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



OWING to the fact that during this term the superabundance of examinations has been for many the greater attraction, our activities have been confined to a single excursion.

A party of 15, conducted by Mr. A. Frearson, M.A. (Geography Master at Taunton's School, Southampton), went to Lyndhurst on Wednesday, May 18th, and thence for a six mile walk through the New Forest, seeking evidence for a possible case of river capture.

As usual, Geography Experts successfully predicted that the "depression over Iceland was rapidly retreating."

THE BRISTOL CONFERENCE.—MARCH 3rd, 4th, 5th, 1927.

The Secretary attended the Biennial Inter-Varsity Conference of Geographical Societies, held at Bristol last term. The main object of the Conference is to bring the Geographical Societies of different Universities and University Colleges into touch with one another. The excellent programme provided by Bristol included a tour of the new buildings and the geographical department, and excursions to Cheddar and the Avon Gorge.

We must congratulate Bristol University on the admirable way in which they made us welcome, and entertained us during the Conference.

M. G.

## CHESS CLUB.

EPHRAIM P. has come, seen, and conquered. Native victims rose to the occasion in fine style, and made his visit a great success. The procession to the Church Service was viewed by thousands of awed onlookers, the local street arabs manfully repressing their desire to heave clods of earth at any provoking Students' Council whisker. The U.C.S. bank has indeed turned up a pontoon.

Let us seek a reason for our exaltation: what provided the "vis a tergo"? What is the power behind the throne? or, in our original metaphor, who stacked the cards?—Obviously, my dear Watson, the Chess Club.

There exist no doubts whatever in the chess world of Southampton of the supremacy of the College. In both its tourneys the laurels (in the form of shields, etc.) were won by our sturdy Hartleyans, and all Southamptonians perforce must bow down and worship at the shrine of U.C.S. chess. The members of the teams are incessantly pestered by autograph hunters, and the Secretary by Capablanca's agents; our President is even said to take an outside in hats and collar studs as a result. Bear in mind what the Chess Club has done, and marvel no more at the high position we, as students of U.C.S., hold in the local esteem.

K. L. W.

## ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

ENGINEERING Society—still exists. The year's activities concluded with the Annual General Meeting, held on Friday, June 10th, Major Szlumper being inducted into the chair for the ensuing year.

At the conclusion of the meeting the refreshments, and the dance music perpetrated by the College formed orchestra, were much appreciated.

In addition to the visit to the Supermarine Aviation Works, our final visit, to Oxford and the Morris-Cowley Motor Works, was well supported, and thoroughly enjoyed.

The Officers elected for Session 1927—28 are :—Secretary, R. W. Daniel ; Treasurer, S. C. Ganly.

NUTAN BOALT.

## LE CERCLE.

LE Cercle has held two meetings this term. The first consisted of a causerie by M. Lavellée, "Assistant" at the Grammar School. At the second, members "purged" all present with "l'Anglais tel qu'on le parle" by Tristan Bernard. No one doubts the value of these things—literature, drama, conversation, music—for a French Club. But—Claude Bernard, or even Jules Verne ?

C. G.



## OFFICERS FOR SESSION 1927-28.

President of the Union	...	...	...	...	L. A. Poore.
Vice-President	...	...	...	...	Miss U. H. Page.
<hr/>					
Magazine	...	...	Editor	...	Miss M. G. Page.
			Sub-Editor	...	L. T. Etches.
			Secretary	...	R. G. Fulton.
Lit. and Deb.	...	...	Secretary	...	Miss M. E. Caws.
			President	...	Miss E. V. Madge.
Stage Society	...	...	President	...	Miss E. V. Madge.
			Secretary	...	G. T. Maynard.
Orchestral and Choral	...	...	President	...	Prof. G. Leake.
			Secretary	...	C. F. Tilley.
S. C. M.	...	...	President	...	H. R. Mills, B.Sc.
			Secretary	...	H. Otto.
Soirée	...	...	President	...	Miss D. Burt.
			Secretary	...	E. Storey.
W. C. R.	...	...	President	...	Miss E. Fairbanks.
			Secretary	...	Miss M. Compton.
M. C. R.	...	...	President	...	H. R. Mills, B.Sc.
			Secretary	...	...
Science Society	...	...	Secretary	...	C. H. Beale.
Hospitality	...	...	Secretary	...	Miss M. Kirby.
Scout Club	...	...	Secretary	...	H. R. Mills, B.Sc.
Rugby Football	...	...	Secretary	...	E. A. Coombes.
Association Football	...	...	Secretary	...	W. C. Bishop.
Men's Hockey	...	...	Secretary	...	W. C. Heasell.
Women's Hockey	...	...	Secretary	...	Miss G. Harris.
Netball	...	...	Secretary	...	Miss R. Mann.
Chess Club	...	...	Secretary	...	H. F. Evans.
Cricket	...	...	Secretary	...	T. M. Stedman.
Tennis	...	...	Secretary	...	L. H. Shave.



### CRICKET.

**F**ORTUNATELY space is limited. With half of last year's team gone, prospects for this season did not seem too bright, but it was obvious from the first match of the season, *versus* Reading, that this year's team was capable of good work. Subsequent games have confirmed our first impressions, and there would seem little doubt that, taken all through, this season's XI is stronger than last year's. Whilst we cannot claim to have any players of outstanding brilliance, we certainly carry few (if any) passengers, and everyone, down to No. 11, usually contributes something either in batting or bowling.

This happy state of affairs has, however, been due mainly to the fact, the disgraceful fact, that we have been able to play most of our matches away from home; and it was only during home matches that scores ruled low. It is no exaggeration to say that proper cricket is impossible on our present pitch, and we at least have the poor consolation that things will not be the same next year. If the same conditions were to continue, cricket at University College might as well be discontinued.

To date, only three matches have been lost, against Reading, Netley Hospital, and Old Hartleyans; whilst victories have been gained over Reading, O.S.O., Civil Service, and Portsmouth City.

One or two good individual performances have been achieved, notably Mann's 52 not out, *v.* Reading, and Benton's 76, *v.* O.S.O.; Mann's 8 wickets for 14, *v.* O.S.O., and Stedman's 5, *v.* Reading.

W. E. C.

### TENNIS CLUB.

**F**OR the 1927 season a record number of fixtures for both 1st and 2nd teams had been obtained, but, throughout the season, the fixture card has been spoilt by scratched matches and the condition of the College courts. We had some warning of the play of the courts during the Seniors *v.* Juniors opening match (won by the Seniors, 12—0, for the first time since 1924), and this warning was so far justified in that the last of the home matches was played on 21st May, or rather, commenced, for it was abandoned with U.C.S. leading Reading University 2—1. However, of total matches played, we have very good results, viz. :—

P.	W.	L.	D.	For.	Against.
13	9	3	1	80	41

The best games played have been the men's matches *v.* Reading University (away) and Winchester Training College (away), with the results of 4—5 (lost)



and 5-4 (won) respectively; and the women's matches v. Westwood Club, both of which have been won 5-4. For the remainder of this season we hope for some good mixed matches (away, by choice), and for next season—not the present courts!

S. J. W.

#### SPORTS DAY—MAY 6th, 1927.

TWO things justified the expectation of a "record" crowd at the County Ground, on Sports Day, firstly, the brilliant weather, and secondly, the abolition of an admission fee. Unfortunately, this "record" crowd did not materialise, and various explanations have been sought—such as a complete lack of that corporate spirit which is supposedly the mainstay of any University College—a lack of interest in College athletics, which prefers such events as sack races or tilting the bucket—or even the presence, not lack, of previous engagements. The remedy is ours.

With regard to the actual sports, there is not that note of despair which has been sounded elsewhere. Comparisons of times and distances with other University Colleges, and in some cases even Universities, have shown that, at least this year, we are up to the level of and frequently superior to them. We can maintain and improve this standard; many more entries, a little more training, and much more support may yet give us a representative at Los Angeles in 1932. There is no reason whatsoever for the divorce of learning and sport, and, after all, Sports Day is as much a social as well as an athletic function.

Our thanks are due to Mrs. Foster-Welch, Sheriff of Southampton, who presented the prizes, and to the willing band of officials, whose efficient work more than compensated for the general lack of support.

W. C. B.

#### RUGGER.

SINCE our last report we have to record the completion of a successful season with a fine away win over the Andover R.A.F. 1st XV by 14-11.

The 1st XV have 16 wins to their credit, with 7 defeats, an improvement on the previous season's record.

A new record has been set up in the "points for" column, Mills again heading the list with 27 tries, Molyneux being second with 16 tries and 3 dropped goals.

The "A" XV fulfilled 11 of their fixtures, in the last of which, against the Spartans, they lost by a place kick, the score being 10-8.

C. H. Ball has been elected Captain for next season, and we wish him and the team the best of luck in 1927-8.

Full results are appended:—

				Points.				
				P.	W.	L.	For.	Against.
1st XV	...	...	...	23	16	7	350	205
"A" XV	...	...	...	11	0	11	20	242

Scorers:—Mills, 27 tries; Moyneux, 16 tries and 3 dropped goals; Holden, 12; Coombes, 11; Tilley, 6; Bunney, 4; Parker, Mann, Iliffe, Otto, Quarterman, and Saunders, 2 each; Nicholls and Ward, 1 each.

Holden and Mills were the most successful marksmen with place kicks.

I. J. B.

## NETBALL.

**T**AKING the season on the whole, it was a very successful one. The first team played thirteen matches and won ten; our success being probably due to our luck in finding two brilliant shooters and an able defence. The second team was not quite so successful, winning five out of nine matches.

In the League we succeeded in reaching the semi-final, when, after a hard game, we were defeated by three goals.

Our great victory was on March 5th, when we defeated Exeter by 30—7 goals.

Thanks are due to Miss Ricks for her help in coaching and for umpiring for most of the matches.

Colours were regained by the following :—Misses C. Saunders, P. Burr, and V. Manning, and won for the first time by Misses E. Sims, N. Hamlen, M. Oliver, and O. Hailstone.

I am sure all netball enthusiasts who are "going down" will join with me in wishing the teams every success during the coming season.

V. L. M.



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